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CHILDREN'S BOOK
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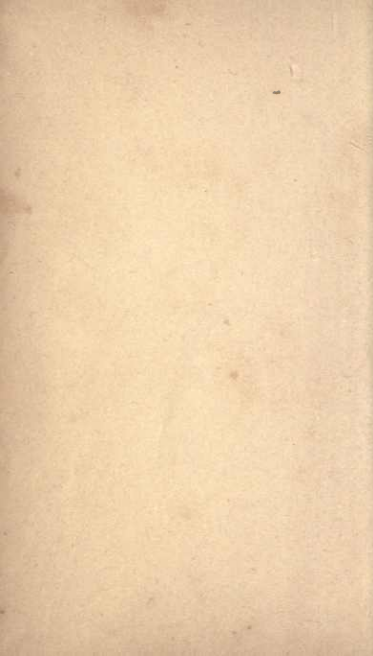


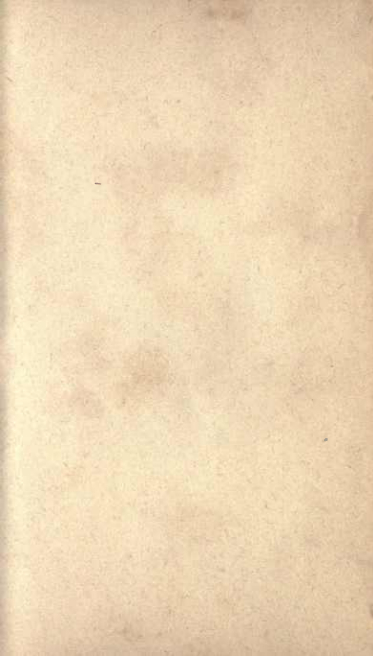
LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

Presented to
Mrs. Frances Boice
by her sabbath school
teacher.

Mr. F. Correll

Seek ye first the Kingdom
of God and his righteousness.







MARY JONES,

AND

OTHER BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.



PUBLISHED BY THE
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,
150 NASSAU-STREET, NEW YORK.



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MARY JONES;
OR,
THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.



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SER. II.

9

1855



MARY JONES.

MARY JONES was the only child of a private soldier, and was accustomed to travel about with the regiment from her birth. When about the age of fifteen her mother died. The day before her death she called Mary to her bed-side, and said, "Mary, my dear child, I am going to leave you ; my journey is almost over. But dry your tears, and listen while I am able to speak to you. I have nothing to leave you, my child, but this book ; a greater treasure I could not give you. This Bible has been my constant companion for many years ; it has been my comforter too. I have learned from it my own guilt and wretchedness ; but it has told me of just such a Savior as my poor soul wants I have learned from it that

the 'Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world,' is mighty to save, freely, by his grace, all sinners who forsake their iniquities and turn to him. The words of this book have been my support through life; and now that I am dying, its precious promises afford me peace and comfort. I know that I am a sinner; I know I deserve nothing but condemnation; but I also know in whom I have believed; and, trusting in Jesus, the 'Friend of sinners,' I meet death with joy, as the messenger that calls me home to him, 'whom, having not seen, I love.' "

The next day the poor woman died, enjoying that peace which nothing but an entire dependence on our Savior can give.

Mary grieved much for her mother, who had taken the greatest pains to bring her up well, and to preserve

her from those evils to which she was exposed. Now her only protector was her father, who was almost always on guard, or among the soldiers, and therefore paid but little attention to her. Mary had been accustomed to read the Bible to her mother every day. This she had always considered a task, and therefore, soon after her mother's death, the Bible, which had only been read by constraint, was neglected. She did not read it even on the Sabbath, but spent that holy day, and almost her whole time, in idleness.

Three years passed on in this manner, when the regiment was ordered abroad, and Mary was hired as children's maid at the house of a gentleman who lived near. In her new situation she had much time for reflection. When sitting alone in the nursery, she would often think of her

mother. Many of her sayings, which she seemed to have entirely forgotten, came into her mind. The tenderness and earnestness with which she had frequently urged upon her the importance of religion, and, above all, their last conversation, was recollected by Mary most perfectly. "Oh!" said she to herself, "little did my mother think that that book, her dying legacy, which she gave me with prayers and tears, would be so neglected. But if this has been ingratitude in me towards her, how offensive must it have been to God to have made light of his word! It is now too late for me to seek the mercy I have despised so long. I have cast God's word behind me, and he will be just in casting me from his presence at last into everlasting fire."

Her mind was thus engaged one evening, when Anne Brown, one of

her companions, with great tenderness, asked the cause of her distress. Encouraged by the kindness of her manner, Mary opened her whole heart to her. "Oh!" said she, "I have been living without God in the world, wilfully disobeying his commands, though I knew it was wrong. Even last Sunday, when I joined with others in laughing at you, I could not help feeling that it would be better for me to be like you, than to possess the whole world."

Anne Brown. "To be like me is a poor desire, for I am an unworthy sinner; but, since you have spoken to me, if you believe all that I shall read to you out of your Bible, I will undertake to comfort you, and that, too, without denying or excusing

your sin, or leading you to think better of yourself than you do now; for I am persuaded you do not know all the evil of your own heart."

Mary, (giving the Bible to Anne Brown.) "Well, I will listen to you, though I am sure you can read nothing for me but condemnation from that book." Anne opened and read, "Thou hast destroyed thyself." Hosea, 13 : 9.

"True," said Mary, "I have destroyed my soul by breaking God's law, and by despising his Gospel."

Anne. "You have, indeed, dear Mary; but you know I promised to comfort you, without denying your guilt. Hear what follows: 'In me is thine help.' Here is a word of comfort for such as you and I, who are

unable to help ourselves. ‘Jesus is able to save them unto the uttermost who come unto God by him. It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. He came to seek and to save that which was lost. He receiveth sinners. His blood cleanseth from all sin: and whoso trusteth in him shall not be confounded.’ ”

Then, after having read slowly the 3d and 6th chapters of John’s Gospel, and the 15th chapter of Luke, she shut the book, and said, “Dear Mary, do you believe what I have been reading? If you do, you must have joy and peace.”

Mary. “I cannot deny what you say, for it is all in the Bible; but how

do I know that it is addressed to me, or suited to my case?"

Anne. "The Gospel is addressed to 'EVERY CREATURE.' Mark, 16 : 15. When God declares that 'all the world is guilty before him,' these words of condemnation apply as much to you and I as though *we only* had broken the law of God ; and when he sends a message of mercy, which is good news to 'ALL PEOPLE,' and declares, 'Whosoever believeth on the Son of God shall not perish, but have everlasting life,' we are as much addressed in these words of peace, as though our very names were mentioned. O then, dear Mary, do not doubt the many gracious offers of mercy which this blessed book holds out."

Mary made no reply, for her heart was full. When Anne left the room she took the Bible and read it with great delight for some time. Never before had Mary found pleasure in prayer. Now, for the first time, she prayed to God in sincerity, through Jesus Christ, pleading his death as the only reason why God should regard her guilty soul in mercy. She lay down to rest that night happier than she had ever been in her life, and her heart filled with grateful joy, saying, "What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits?"

Mary found a faithful friend in Anne Brown. They both rose early every morning that they might read the Scriptures together, without neglecting their business. This they

found both pleasant and profitable. A change in life and conduct was soon seen in Mary. Whenever she felt her evil passions rising, she would secretly ask the Lord to enable her to overcome them, which she now knew she should never do without his aid.

Some years after this, Mary received a letter from her father, telling her that his leg had been shot off in battle, and he had, therefore, got his discharge from the army, and expected to be able to return to his native country in about three months. Mary felt it to be her duty to live with her father. She procured a cottage and garden at a low rent, and laid out some money she had saved from her wages in purchasing furniture. When William Jones arrived,

he found his daughter ready to receive him, having every thing comfortably prepared. He was delighted with the neatness of the house, and to see Mary look so cheerful and healthy. "But, my child," said he, "you will grow quite melancholy if you have no one to speak to but me."

"Do not fear," said Mary, smiling, "I shall not be melancholy; I have a companion who always makes me happy, and to whom, if you will allow me, I will introduce you to-morrow, when you are recovered from your fatigue. I will set up a little school, and take in plain work: I trust we always shall have enough."

The next day Mary came to her

father. "I am going to introduce my companion to you," said she, laying her Bible on the table before him; "it has answered a great many important questions for me in a way that has made my heart glad; it is just as ready to talk with you; and if you will allow it to converse an hour with us every evening, I will promise not to be melancholy for want of other company."

William Jones. "Mary, your heart seems to be set on making me happy; besides, since the time I was so near being killed in the battle, I have been thinking I ought to have attended more to the care of my soul, and not to have been living as though I expected never to die."

"I thank God for sparing you,"

said Mary. "Oh may he make his own word profitable to us both!"

When evening came, Mary never failed to bring the Bible and read it for her father; nor did she cease entreating the Lord to open his mind, that he might understand and receive the glorious truths it contains. When she had opportunity, she would, with much humility, speak a little on religious subjects; and her conduct so strengthened her words, that her father soon began to love the Bible as much as she did, for he learned from it to rest all his hopes for eternity on that mighty Savior from whom Mary drew all her peace and joy.

Mary's school prospered; and Anne Brown came to live with her to assist her. This added greatly to Mary's happiness. But about four years after, her joy was greatly interrupted by the illness and death of

her father. Mary watched him night and day while he was sick, and at length saw him close his eyes in peace. She sorrowed for him, but "not as those who have no hope," for she looked forward to meeting him with joy before the throne of God, and joining with him to sing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain," when the days of her mourning should also be ended.

Some time after she married a farmer, and lived many years a blessing to her family and the neighborhood. She had some trials, but her faith in Jesus, with the prospect of "an eternal weight of glory," made her count them all but "light afflictions." Through God's mercy she endured to the end in the ways of faith and holiness; and she died in peace, rejoicing in Christ Jesus, who hath conquered death.

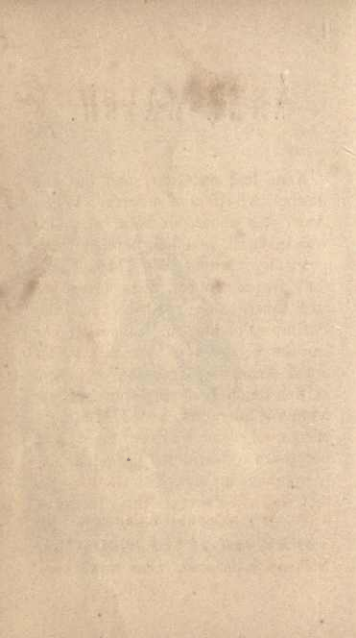
THE END.



ANNE WALSH.



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ANNE WALSH.

Anne had no sister, and but one brother, who died of a fever. When Anne was about nineteen, she also was taken ill, and her parents being poor, an excellent lady (Mrs. Nickson) frequently called to bring her such things as she needed, to read the Scriptures to her, and talk with her on the concerns of eternity. She found Anne very ignorant, and was at first much discouraged in her attempts at instructing her. Her dulness of comprehension was very great; yet her desire to learn, and her apparently approaching end, with the thought that God often reveals those truths to "babes" which are "hid from the wise and prudent," encouraged Mrs. Nickson to proceed. She would say

to herself, "The Lord has always found me slow to learn, and often rebellious under his teaching, yet he has never cast me off. I will endeavor to imitate his dealings towards me in mine to this poor girl; and if he is pleased to bless my poor attempts, I shall not labor in vain."

Mrs. Nickson then, instead of being weary of the work, only endeavored to make her meaning more plain by using the simplest language in her power. One day when reading in Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, chapter 7, ver. 22, concerning Christ as a Surety, she asked Anne if she knew what was meant by it. She confessed her ignorance, and begged an explanation. Mrs. Nickson replied, "Suppose you had committed a crime for which you was condemned to die. If I was to hear of your distress, and was to take your place

and die for you, I should in that case be your *surety*, and you would be free through what I had done for you. Thus Jesus was the Surety for sinners. Now all who believe on him are free from condemnation *through him.*"

Anne. "O, now I understand you, ma'am. But do you mean to show that we are condemned by God? How can that be?"

Mrs. Nickson. "I will explain to you what I mean. God has given a holy law, which it is the duty of all mankind to obey. This law, the substance of which is in the Ten Commandments, is approved by the conscience of every man; and even those who have never heard it, have it written in their hearts, so that they know what is right and wrong."

Anne. "But is it true that God will punish all that break this law?"

Mrs. N. "God has said, 'Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things that are written in the book of the law to do them.' 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.' "

Anne. "I am afraid I have broken it. You know you read the Ten Commandments to me yesterday, and my heart told me I had done many things contrary to them."

Mrs. N. "Indeed, I am very sure you have. You and I, and all the world have sinned against God's laws. It is written in the Scriptures, 'All the world is become guilty before God;' and this state of guilt in which we are by nature, is what rendered it necessary that Christ should die for us, in order that we may be saved."

Anne. "But if I do not break the law any more, surely God will forgive me."

Mrs. N. "Would your not committing any more crimes free you from punishment for one you had already committed?"

Anne. "O no ; my country would still reckon with me for that which was past."

Mrs. N. "Why, then, do you suppose that any future obedience of yours can make up for your past rebellion against God ? Besides, you could not even now fully obey the law ; for it is perfectly holy, and you are a sinner."

Anne. "But why did God give a law which we cannot obey?"

Mrs. N. "God is the Creator and Governor of all men. It was necessary for him to give his creatures a law by which they should be governed ; and a perfect Being could give none other than a perfect law. God created man upright, and capable of

doing all that his law requires ; but man fell by his disobedience to God in the garden of Eden ; and since his fall, all mankind having the sinful nature of their fallen parents, not one of them obeys God as the law requires. Yet God cannot accept any thing short of what he first required ; for it is impossible for him to change, whatever changes may take place in his creatures. Thus, Anne, you may see why God gave a law ; why that law requires perfect obedience ; and also that our sin only prevents our obeying it."

Anne. "But is it not unjust and unreasonable in God to condemn men for breaking his law?"

Mrs. N. "Can you recollect any of God's commandments which you think are unjust or unreasonable?"

Anne. "You have read them so often to me, that I have them by

heart, and yet I cannot think of one that is not good and reasonable."

Mrs. N. "How, then, can God be unjust in punishing those who disobey them? But tell me, Anne, why do you want to prove that God will be unjust in punishing those who break his law?"

Anne. "Oh, because I have broken it myself! I have deserved that God should send me to hell; and if he does, I shall have no one but myself to blame for it. I am thankful for all you have done for me, but since you spoke to me about God, I am more afraid to die than ever. Oh, will you pray God to have mercy on me; perhaps he will hear you?"

Mrs. N. "My dear Anne, God, against whom we have sinned, has said, 'THROUGH CHRIST is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins;

and by HIM all that believe are justified from all things from which they could not be justified by the law.' 'This is a truth worthy of all acceptation, (that is, worthy to be received by all men,) that Christ came into the world to save sinners.' "

Anne. "But what claim can I have on God's mercy? How can I merit that Christ should save me?"

Mrs. N. "You can indeed have no claim on God's mercy, neither are you able to merit any favor from God, much less the greatest of all his mercies, salvation by his Son. But sinners are saved freely by God's grace, not of works, lest any man should boast. Jesus came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. And he has said, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' "

When Mrs. Nickson called the

next day, Anne said to her, " I have been thinking of all you said to me yesterday; and a great many passages which you have read to me out of the Bible came into my mind that had just the same meaning of what you said about our being sinners, and Christ our Savior. You have proved me from the Scripture to be a sinner, unable to help myself, but you have told me that Christ is able to save even me. I will not despair of mercy, but will trust in him. I am not sorry now that you have spoke to me about God, but am thankful to you for it."

From this time Mrs. Nickson found it very pleasant to visit Anne, whose mind seemed every day opening more and more to the glorious truths which are written in the Word of God. Her hopes of mercy were all built on Christ Jesus, but it was her

constant endeavor to prove her love to him by keeping his commandments; and in many instances she showed her faith by her works. She was now declining visibly, and suffered much from a pain in her side; yet she was never heard to murmur, but would say, "The Lord is laying his hand gently on me."

But her severest trials were yet to come. One evening Mrs. Nickson came to her and said, "Anne, I have bad news for you. I am going to leave you."

Anne could not refrain from tears when she heard this, and exclaimed, "If you go, who will be with me to comfort me in death, to tell me again of Jesus, the Savior of sinners?"

Mrs. N. "The Lord will be with you; he will never leave you nor forsake you. Do you not remember what David says in the 23d Psalm?

‘ Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for *thou art with me.*’ ”

Mrs. Nickson called two days after to bid her farewell. Anne was more calm, but her tears flowed fast when she said, “ This is the last time I shall see you here. How pleasant have your kind visits been to me. It was the Lord who put it into your heart to come and tell me of his precious Gospel; and now he takes you from me. Yet I hope I say from my heart, ‘ His will be done.’ ”

Mrs. N. “ I am glad to see you thus enabled to submit to the will of our heavenly Father; and now that we are met together for the last time on earth, answer me from your heart this question, What is your hope before God? What is it that gives you confidence in the prospect of death and judgment?”

Anne with a firm voice replied, "Jesus is all my hope; I know he is a sure foundation. I trust he has a robe of righteousness for me; and that though I deserve hell, I may be accepted at last for HIS SAKE."

Mrs. Nickson was satisfied with her answer; she commended her to the Lord in prayer, and they parted, not without many tears, yet with a joyful hope of meeting again at the throne of God to join together in his praise for ever and ever.

Anne lingered for about three months, and then died, leaving good reason to hope that she was enabled to hold "the beginning of her confidence steadfast unto the end."

THE END.



BIBLE HAPPINESS;
OR,
COMFORT IN AFFLICTION.



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BIBLE HAPPINESS.

Being on a visit, some years ago, at a watering-place on the coast of Devonshire, I heard of a poor woman, upward of eighty-three years of age, who depended for her maintenance solely upon her daughter, who was a widow, with an only child: these three lived together in a small cottage, and I was induced to call on them, with a friend, to ask

respecting the wants of the aged mother.

On entering their dwelling we were conducted to a chamber where we found the object of our visit sitting in an old wooden arm-chair. Her clothing was coarse, but as clean as possible. Her countenance was so animated and expressive of real happiness, that we both immediately sat down, and at once asked her how it was that she could preserve a calm and contented mind in the midst of so much affliction. "Are you not in so much pain this afternoon as usual?" we inquired; "for your daughter tells us you suffer a great deal from the rheumatism?" With a smile she answered, "Yes, I am never without pain; but still I am happy; my cup overflows with blessings; I have every thing I need, and much more than I deserve. 'Good-

ness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life ;’ and I have indeed cause to say, ‘ Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.’ I assure you, ladies, I have *very great* comforts ; and as my day is, so I find my strength to be.”

“ Comforts !” I said, looking round the small and poorly-furnished room, “ pray tell us whence your comforts spring ?” The old woman, with a countenance beaming with joy, and in a most animated tone of voice, replied, “ I am constantly comforted, madam, by the love of Jesus. He is all in all to me.” “ And does the love of Jesus,” said I, “ indeed make you happy amidst such pain and poverty ?” “ Yes,” she replied, “ my Savior is so good and kind to me, that I would rather be poor as I am, than rich and not have him so *near* to me. He makes all my bed in my sick-

ness; when I am in pain, and cannot sleep, he is with me; and my soul is filled with such happiness that I cannot help singing aloud the hymns which I learnt many years ago, and at other times repeating passages from the Bible; and I often find great comfort in the Psalms. Last night I was thinking over the 14th chapter of John, when it seemed as if Jesus Christ himself was with me, saying, ‘Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father’s house are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.’” She repeated these, and several following verses, with peculiar earnestness and feeling.

Seeing a Bible and another book upon a shelf close to her side, I asked her if the smaller book was a

nymn-book. She answered, it was, adding, "that is a sweet hymn, 'Jesus, lover of my soul.' Jesus has indeed showed his love for my soul by calling me out of darkness into his marvellous light."

I then observed that I supposed she knew portions of the Bible and some of the hymns by heart. "A great many," she replied; "and, if it would not have been taking up too much of your time I should have gone through the whole of the 14th chapter of John, and the three following chapters; they are all so delightful to me. I feel assured that a mansion is graciously prepared for me, and I am waiting till Jesus shall see fit to call me to himself. My sight is now very dim, and therefore I cannot read so much as I once did; but when I shut my eyes I have the verses all before me, and I think I

see the *very places* where I have been used to read them. During the dark hours of the night I am enabled, by the help of God's Holy Spirit, to call to mind so many sweet chapters that I am almost sorry when the morning returns. O, it is delightful to hold communion with God; and when I pray to my heavenly Father I feel assured that he hears me, and that he will give me all he knows to be good for me. This is quite enough for me, who deserve nothing at his hands."

These simple, yet evident proofs of genuine piety, made us anxious to learn by what means she had attained to so great a knowledge and love of the Bible; and how it was that she felt the Savior to be so precious to her. We therefore requested her to tell us a little of her history and experience, which she did as follows :

“My husband died in early life, and left me with a large family to bring up. I labored to the utmost to maintain them, and was in the constant habit of taking them to church; but at that time I had no serious thoughts about religion. My children, one after another, removed from me to a distance. I have since lost them all except my daughter, whom you have seen, with whom I have lived many years. About thirty years ago,” she added, “I became so ill with the rheumatism as not to be able to do any thing for myself, and at length was obliged to keep my room. Having then leisure, I spent more time in reading the Bible than I had formerly done. One day when I was reading the 14th chapter of John, I was led to feel that I was a great sinner, and that Jesus Christ was a Savior suited to my wants,

and that without the knowledge of him I must perish. I found great comfort in prayer, and entreated God for Christ's sake to pardon all my sins. I felt much sorrow, on looking back upon my past life, to think that I had given myself wholly to the things of time; never considering the importance of eternity, and that Jesus Christ had the first claim upon my affections and regard. I had often before read this very chapter, but had never till then felt any particular interest in it. But at length it pleased God, by the influence of his Spirit, to apply its blessed contents with power to my heart. From that time, as I now believe, I became a new creature; my desires and affections were changed: the Spirit of God taught me to pray and to understand what I read in his Holy Word. It was his blessed Spirit that led me

daily to know more and more of his Son Jesus Christ, and to love him better and better ; and I can now rejoice in the hope that I shall soon be where I shall see my dear Redeemer face to face."

From the account which this venerable woman gave us, we were persuaded that she had indeed been sweetly though powerfully drawn by the bonds of love. As she had had no intercourse with any minister of the Gospel, and very few religious persons had ever visited her, it appeared that she had derived her spirituality and deep knowledge of the Scriptures from the teaching of God's Spirit.

Before we left her she requested us to read a chapter or two of our selecting ; and having informed her that we should not be able to see her again, she most affectionately took

leave of us, promising to remember us at the throne of grace, and expressing a strong desire that she might meet us in the world of bliss and glory.

I have since heard nothing of the subject of the foregoing narrative; but from her advanced age and severe affliction at the time I saw her, it is probable that ere this she has "finished her course." If such be the case, as all her time and powers appeared to be engaged in "fighting the good fight," and "keeping the faith," she has, doubtless, received an everlasting "crown of righteousness."

If, my dear child, you are living in the pursuit of sin and neglect of the Bible, you may learn *much* from this narrative. You may see your guilt and danger, the punishment to which you are exposed, and the only means

by which you can obtain peace of mind here and happiness hereafter. Delay not, then, to look to God, that his Spirit may teach you these things as he taught this aged christian.

Are you indifferent about these subjects? Reflect upon this little narrative. This poor woman found joy, happiness, and peace in believing; Christ was all in all to her. He will be so to you, if you trust in Him.

Are you enduring the wants of poverty, or the pains of disease? She was the subject of all these temporal evils; yet she was contented and happy, because she trusted in God her heavenly Father, loved Jesus Christ her Savior, and felt the presence of the Holy Spirit her comforter. She cast her burthens upon Him who has said, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Is your faith weak, and your devotion cold? Read your Bible frequently and attentively, as she did; be earnest and constant in prayer, as she was; then you also will find that Jesus is "*near*" to you. He has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Have you prayerfully searched the Scriptures? The Bible alone, by the teaching of the Holy Spirit, is able to make wise "unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus;" and is "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

THE END.

HONESTY

THE

BEST POLICY



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SER. II. 12





HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

A gentleman who was one day a passenger on the river Thames, observed on the stern of the boat these words: "Honesty the Best Policy." Taking notice of it, he determined to enter into conversation with the waterman; and inquiring into his situation in life, found that he had a wife and five children, and supported also

an old father and mother-in-law by his labor. The gentleman, upon this, was still more desirous to know why he had given such a title to his boat, and asked him the reason of it. In reply the young man spoke as follows.

“ My father and mother died a few years ago, and left a large family. My father was a waterman, and I was his assistant in the management of a ferry-boat, by which he supported his family. On his death it was necessary (in order to pay his just debts) to sell our boat. I parted from it even with tears, and resolved if possible to purchase it back again. I accordingly went to the person who had bought it, and telling him my design, he engaged that the boat should be mine again whenever I could raise five pounds. My heart bounded at the thought, and I re-

solved to do my utmost in an honest and fair way to obtain my object.

“I was at this time married to a good young woman, and we lived in a small cottage. My father used to say, ‘Always do what is right; labor diligently, manage frugally, trust in God, and rest assured that he will bless your store.’ We treasured up these rules, and determined to try the truth of them. I obtained work as a day-laborer, and my wife employed herself in needle-work, spinning, or knitting at home; not a moment of the day was suffered to pass unemployed. We lived sparingly; not a shilling was spent on any improper object; and by these means we were enabled to contribute a little both to the support of religion, and to real objects of charity, and also to lay aside every week a little towards buying the boat.

“ If our children got a penny at school for a reward, or a present from a neighbor for any little service done, they brought it home and gave it to their mother, saying it would help father to buy the boat. I felt it my duty to teach them, from their infancy, to be obliging, industrious, and careful; recollecting that early habits are most lasting; and when we train up a child in the way he should go, we have the assurance of God's promise ‘that when he is old he will not depart from it.’

“ Thus our little store insensibly increased from time to time, till one pound only was wanting of the sum so much desired; and often my dear wife and I used to remark, that the blessing of heaven was very observable in the success of our honest endeavors.

“ But the following accident seem-

ed to disappoint all our hopes. Coming home one evening from my work at a late hour, I saw in the road a small pocket-book, and on opening it I found a bank-note of ten pounds, which plainly enough belonged to my master, for his name was on the book, and I had also seen him passing that way in the evening. It being too late, however, to return to the house, I went on my way. When I told my family of the circumstance, the little ones were thrown into a transport of joy. My dears, said I, what is the matter? O, father, the *boat!*—the *boat!* we may now have two or three boats! I checked them by my looks, and asked them if they knew whose money that was? They said, yours, father, as you found it. I reminded them that I was not the real owner; and bade them think how they would all feel supposing it had been our

box of money which I had accidentally lost, and which a stranger had found and carried away.

“ This reasoning had the effect on their young minds which I desired and I begged it might be a lesson to them never to forget the golden rule, ‘ of doing as they would wish others to do to them,’ and never to turn aside from what God had made their duty.

“ But to go on with my story : the next morning I put the pocket-book into my bosom, and went to work, intending, as soon as the family arose, to give it to my master ; but what were my feelings, when, on searching in my bosom, it was nowhere to be found ! I hastened back along the road I came, looking diligently all the way, but in vain—there was no trace of it to be seen. On my return to the garden-gate, I was accosted by the gardener, who

told me I was suspected; that our master had lost a pocket-book, describing what I had found, and that I being the only man absent from the garden at the hour, there was every reason to conclude that I must have got it. Before I could answer, another servant coming up, said I was detected, for that a person had been sent to my house, and that my wife and family had owned it all, and had described the pocket-book.

“I told them the real fact, but it seemed to every one unlikely to be true; every circumstance was against me, and I was arrested and hurried away to prison. I protested my innocence, but I did not wonder that I gained no credit. Grief now oppressed my heart; my poor wife, my dear children, and my gray-headed parents were all at once plunged into misery; and what was worse, my

character was tarnished, and all my ungodly fellow-servants, whose practices I had often condemned, were triumphing, and reviling religion on my account.

“My misery seemed almost complete; and under these accumulated sufferings I should certainly have sunk, if the consolation of religion had not borne me up. I knew I was innocent, and these words were a source of unfailing comfort, ‘Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass.’ I resolved, having been the cause (though without any design) of the second loss of the property, to offer the whole of our little store to make it good, as far as in my power, and accordingly sent for my wife to give her this sad commission; but, alas! when she came, I found this sacrifice would be of no avail, ‘for,’ said she,

‘ my master has been at the cottage, and I told him freely how you had found the note, but unfortunately had lost it again ; and I added, that I was sure my husband and I would make the best return in our power : after which I produced our little box and begged him to accept the contents as all we had to offer ; but,’ she added, ‘ that my master angrily refused, saying that our being in possession of all that money was, of itself, the clearest proof of my guilt, for it was impossible, with my large family, and no greater opportunities than my neighbors, that I could come honestly by such a sum ; therefore he was determined to keep me in prison till I should pay the whole.’

“ My distress for the moment was certainly very great, but, conscious of my innocence, I soon recovered my composure, and grew confident

that we should not trust in God in vain. And so it happened. One of my fellow-laborers proved to be the person who had picked up the pocket-book after I had dropped it. Having come a few minutes after me along the same road to his work, and hearing that the suspicion had fallen upon me, he was tempted to turn the accident to his own advantage, and conceal the property ; which, having kept for a few weeks, till he thought no suspicion would rest upon him, he offered the note for change, and being then suspected, was taken up, and I was released.

“The sudden change from so much misery to happiness was almost too much for us. It was the Lord’s doing, and it was wonderful in our eyes. My master sent for me, and with many expressions of concern for what had passed, made me give him an

account of the means by which I had collected the little fund that fixed his suspicion upon me. I accordingly related the history of it as I have now done; and when I came to that part where I checked my children for their inconsiderate joy on my finding the note, he rose with much kindness in his looks, and putting the bank-note into my hand, he said, ‘Take it, the note shall be theirs; it is the best and only return I can make you, as well as a just reward for your honesty; and it will be a substantial proof to your children of the goodness of your instructions, for they will thus early see and feel the benefit of honesty and virtue.’

“This kind and worthy gentleman interested himself much in the purchase of my boat, which in less than a week I had in my possession. I have now the pleasure of being able

to help others; for when a rich passenger takes my ferry, as my story is well known in the neighborhood, he often gives me more than my fare, which enables me to let the next poor person go over for half price.

“ My employment in this way has become also a pleasure. I see the blessing of God on my honest and lawful industry; and when I go home to my family at night with my little earnings, I find it a paradise of domestic enjoyment. My wife, according as our slender circumstances will permit, is always contriving how she can make me happier at home than any where else. My children are waiting to share a father's smile, and tell me all their little tales of what has passed during the day. And my little cottage, though poor, is always neat and clean, and the habitation of peace. Vice and extravagance, sir, are the fruitful parents of misery,

but ‘godliness,’ as the Scripture says, ‘is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.’ ”

The gentleman was extremely pleased with the waterman’s story, and was very desirous of knowing what became of the unfortunate fellow-laborer who had so dreadfully gone aside from the principles of honesty. He learned that he was, after a short imprisonment, set at liberty at the earnest request of the honest waterman; that the thought of what he had done, together with the generosity and religious conduct of the waterman, had so strong an effect on him, that he afterward had this written on his cottage door, *Do as you would be done unto*. And in dependence on Divine aid, he has resolved to follow this rule himself in future, and to impress it with care upon his children.

Surely, then, those who have lived long, and seen much of life, and enjoyed the advantages of religious instruction, should never depart from this simple and certain rule. It is the sum of the second table of the law ; and the man who does not act under its influence, shows too plainly that he has never been changed by the renewing of his mind ; for the Holy Scriptures teach us, very clearly, that man is, by nature, “dead in trespasses and sins,” Ephes. 2 : 2 ; but when he becomes a new man, and is “created anew in Christ Jesus unto good works,” the dispositions and affections of his mind are quite altered ; his practice is reformed ; and his devout, regular, and honest conduct are the most certain evidences which we can have that he is a true christian.

THE
FARMER AND SOLDIER.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.



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SER. II.

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F. HARRIS DEL.

THE
FARMER AND SOLDIER.



It was a cold evening in winter. A lamp cast its cheerful ray from the window of a small farm-house in one of the villages of New England. A fire was burning brightly on the hearth, and two brothers sat near it. Several school-books lay by them on the table, from which they had been studying their lessons for the ensuing day. Their pa-

rents had retired to rest, and the boys were conversing earnestly. The youngest, who was about thirteen years of age, said,

“John, I mean to be a soldier.”

“Why so, James?”

“Because I have been reading the life of Alexander of Macedon, and also a good deal about Napoleon Bonaparte. I think they were the greatest men that ever lived. There is nothing in this world like the glory of the warrior.”

“I cannot think it is glorious to do so much harm. To destroy great multitudes of innocent men, and to make such mourning in families, and so much poverty and misery in the world, seems to me more *cruel* than *glorious*.”

“O, but then to be so honored, and to have so many soldiers under your command, and the fame of such mighty victories, what glory can there be to compare with this?”

“James, our good minister told us, in his sermon last Sunday, that the end of life was the test of its greatness. Now,

if I recollect right, Alexander, he that you call the Great, got intoxicated, and died like a madman.

“John, your ideas are very limited. You certainly are not capable of admiring heroes. You are just fit for a farmer. I dare say that to break a pair of steers is the height of your ambition, and to spend your days in ploughing and hoeing and reaping is all the glory you would desire.”

The voice of their father was now heard calling: “Boys, go to bed.” And so ended their conversation for that night.

Thirty years passed away, and the same season again returned. From the same window a bright lamp gleamed, and on the same hearth was a cheerful fire. The building wore an unaltered appearance but its inmates were changed. The parents who had then retired to their sleeping apartments, had now gone



down to the deepest rest of the grave. They were pious, and their virtues were held in sweet remembrance among the peaceful inhabitants of their native village. In the chairs which they used to occupy sat their eldest son and his wife. A babe lay in the cradle near them, and two other little ones were breathing quietly from their trundle-bed, in the profound slumber of childhood. A blast with snow beat against the easement. "I always think," said John, "a great deal about poor James at this season of

the year, and especially on stormy nights. But it is now so long since we have heard from him, and his way of life has exposed him to so many dangers, that I fear there is strong reason to believe him dead."

"What a pity," replied his wife, "that he would be a soldier."

A knock was heard at the door. They opened it, and a man leaning upon crutches entered wearily. His garments were thin and tattered, and his countenance haggard. They reached him a chair, and he sank into it. He gazed on each of their faces, then on the sleeping children, and then at every article of furniture, as on some recollected friend. At length, stretching out his withered arms, he said, in a voice scarcely audible, "*Brother!*"—That tone opened the remembrances of many years. They welcomed the returning wanderer, and mingled their tears with his.

"Brother, sister, I have come home to you to die."

They perceived that he was too much

exhausted to converse, and hastened to prepare him fitting nourishment, and to make him comfortable for the night. The next morning he was unable to rise. They sat by his bed-side and soothed his sad heart with kindness, and told him the history of all that had befallen them in their quiet abode.

“Among all my troubles,” said he, “and I have had many, none have so bowed my spirit down, as my sin in leaving home without the knowledge of my parents. I know it was against their will that I should become a soldier, and many were the warnings they gave me not to choose that profession. I have felt the pain of wounds, but nothing like this sting of conscience. I have been a prisoner in the enemy’s hands, and have sometimes lain almost perishing with hunger, or parching with the thirst of fever. Then the image of my home and of my ingratitude would be with me, both when I lay down and when I rose up. Sometimes I would fancy that I saw my mother bending tenderly over me,

as she used to do when I had only a head-ache, and my father with the Bible in his hand, out of which he used to read to us before the evening prayer. But when I lifted my hands to say, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son,"—I awoke, and it was all a dream. But the remembrance of my disobedience would be there, gnawing at my bosom; and how bitterly have I wept to think that the child of so many peaceful precepts and prayers had become a man of blood."

His brother assured him of the entire forgiveness of his parents, and that daily before the family-altar, as well as in their private recesses of devotion, their supplications were poured out for the loved, the absent, the erring son.

"Ah! those prayers followed me. But for them I should have been a reprobate. They plucked me as a brand from the burning, when I seemed forsaken both of God and man."

Gradually, as strength permitted, he

told them his painful history. He had been in battles by sea and land. He had heard the deep ocean echo with the thunders of war, and seen the earth drink in the strange red shower from mangled and palpitating bosoms. He



had stood in the martial lists of Europe, and jeopardized his life for a foreign power, and he had pursued in his own land the hunted Indian, flying at midnight from the flames of his own hut. He had gone with the bravest where dangers thickened, and had sought in

every place for the glory of war, but had found only misery.

“That glory which so dazzled my boyish fancy, and which I supposed was always the reward of the brave, continually eluded me. It is only the successful leader of an army that is hailed as a hero, while the poor soldiers by whose sufferings his victories are won, endure the hardship, that they may reap the fame. Yet how light is all the boasted glory that was ever achieved by the greatest commander, compared with the good that he forfeits, and the sorrow that he inflicts in order to obtain it.

“Sometimes, when ready for a battle, just before we rushed into it, I have felt an inexpressible reluctance and horror at the thought of butchering my fellow-creatures. But in the heat of contest all such feelings vanished, and the madness and desperation of a demon possessed me. I cared neither for heaven, nor hell. You who dwell in the midst of the influences of mercy, who shrink to give pain even to an animal, can scarcely be-

lieve what hardness of heart comes with the life of a soldier. Deeds of cruelty are always before him, and he heeds neither the agony of the starving infant, nor the groans of its dying mother. Of my own varieties of pain it will be of no use to speak. When I have lain on the field among the feet of trampling horses, when my wounds stiffened in the chilly night-wind, and no man cared for my soul, I have thought it was no more than just, since my own hand had dealt the same violence to others. But the greatest evil of a soldier's life is not the *suffering* to which he is exposed, but the *sin* with which he is made familiar. Oaths, execrations, contempt of all sacred things every where surround him. The sweet and holy influences of the Sabbath, the peaceful dispositions prayed for at his mother's knee, the blessed precepts of the Gospel graven upon his young heart, are swept away. Yet amid this hardened career, though I exerted myself to appear gay and bold, my heart constantly misgave me. God grant that

•

it may be purified by the Holy Spirit, and have part in the atonement of a Redeemer, before I am summoned to the dread bar of judgment."

His friends continued to hope that by medical skill and careful nursing his health might be restored. But he said :

"It can never be. Even now, Death is standing at my right hand. When I entered this valley, and my swollen limbs failed, I prayed to my God, O, hold thou me up, but a little longer, that I may reach the home where I was born, confess my guilt, and, pardoned through the blood of Jesus, die there, and be buried by the side of my father and my mother, and I will ask no more."

He felt that there was much to be changed in his soul ere it could be fitted for the holy enjoyments of a realm of purity and peace. He therefore prayed and wept, and studied the Scriptures, and conversed with Christians, and labored to apprehend clearly the magnitude of his sins and the way of salvation.

"Brother, you bid me to be comfort-

ed. You have been a man of peace. In the quiet occupation of husbandry you have served God and loved your neighbor. You have been merciful to the poor brute. You have taken the fleece, and saved the sheep alive. But I have defaced the image of God, and taken away that breath which I never can restore. You have taken the honey, and preserved the laboring bee. But I have destroyed man and his habitation, burned the hive and spilled the honey on the ground. You cannot imagine how strong is the warfare in my soul with the "prince of the power of the air, the spirit that ruleth the children of disobedience."

He declined rapidly. Death came on with hasty strides. Laying his cold hand upon the head of the eldest little boy, he said, "Dear child, do not be a soldier. Sister, brother, you have been as angels of mercy to me; the blessing of the God of peace abide with you, and upon your house."



The venerable minister, who had instructed his childhood and laid his parents in their grave, had continually visited him, and administered spiritual instruction and consolation in his affliction. Now he stood by his side, as he was about to go down into the valley of the shadow of death.

“My son, look unto the Lamb of God.”

“Yes, father! there is a fulness in Him for me, the chief of sinners.”

There was a short and solemn pause. Then the dying man added, “but let no

one sin against light, and against love."

The white-haired man of God lifted up his fervent prayer for the departing soul. He commended it to the boundless riches of divine grace, and the infinite compassion of a Redeemer. He ceased, and the eyes of the dying were closed. There was no more gasping, or heaving of the breast. They thought that the breath had forsaken the clay, and spoke of him as having passed where there is no more sin, neither sorrow nor crying.

But there was a faint sigh. The pale lips slowly moved, and bowing down over his pillow, they caught the whisper of his last words on earth, "*Jesus, thou whose last gift was peace, take a sinner unto thee.*"

THE END.

LOUISA
AND
THE LITTLE BIRDS.



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SER. II.

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LOUISA'S TENDERNESS

TO THE

LITTLE BIRDS IN WINTER.

However long the winter may appear, the spring will succeed it. A gentle breeze began to warm the air, the snow gradually vanished, the fields put on their enamelled livery, the flowers shot forth their buds, and the birds began to send forth their harmony from every bough.

Little Louisa, with her brother and parents, left the city to partake of the

pleasures of the country. Scarcely had the blackbird and the thrush begun their early whistle to welcome Louisa, when the weather changed all on a sudden: the north wind roared horribly in the grove, and the snow fell in such abundance that every thing appeared in a silver-white mantle.



Though the little maid went to bed shivering with cold, and much disappointed in her expectations, yet in her evening devotions, before re-

tiring, she thanked God for having given her so comfortable a shelter from the inclemency of the elements.

Such a quantity of snow had fallen during the night, that the roads were almost impassable in the morning, which was a matter of great affliction to poor Louisa; but she observed that the birds were as dull as herself upon the occasion. Every tree and hedge being so covered with snow the poor birds could get nothing to eat, not so much as a grain of corn or a worm was to be found.

The feathered inhabitants now forsook the woods and groves, and fled into the neighborhood of inhabited towns and villages to seek that relief from man which nature alone would not then afford them. Incredibly numerous was the flight of sparrows, robins, and other birds that were seen in the streets and court-yards, where

their little beaks and claws were employed in turning over whatever they thought could afford them a single grain.

A large company of these feathered refugees alighted in the yard belonging to the house in which Louisa and her father then were. The distress of the poor birds seemed to afflict the tender-hearted child very much, which her father perceived as soon as she entered the chamber.

"What is it makes you look so pensive now," said her father, "since it is but a few minutes ago that you were so remarkably cheerful?"

"O my dear papa," said Louisa, "all those sweet dear birds that sung so charmingly but a day or two ago are now come into the yard starving with hunger. Do pray let me give them a little corn."

Her papa very readily granted her

so reasonable a request, and away she ran, accompanied by her governess, to the barn on the other side of the yard, which had that morning been cleanly swept. Here she got a handful or two of corn, which she immediately scattered in different parts of the yard. The poor little birds fluttered around her, and soon picked up what the bounty of her generous hand had bestowed on them. It is impossible to describe the pleasure and satisfaction expressed in the countenance of Louisa on seeing herself the cause of giving so much joy to those little animals. As soon as the birds had picked up all the grain they flew to the house-top, and seemed to look down on Louisa as if they would say, "Cannot you give us a little more?" She understood their meaning, and away she flew again to the barn, and down they all came

to partake of her new bounty, while Louisa called to her papa and mamma to come and enjoy with her the pleasing sight.

In the mean time a little boy came into the yard whose heart was not of so tender a nature as Louisa's. He held in his hand a cage full of birds, but carried it so carelessly that it was evident he cared very little for his poor prisoners. Louisa, who could not bear to see the pretty little creatures used so roughly, asked the boy what he was going to do with those birds. The boy replied that he would sell them if he could, but if he could not, his cat should have a dainty meal of them, and they would not be the first she had munched alive.

"O fie," said Louisa, "give them to your cat! What, suffer such innocent things as those to be killed by the merciless talons of a cat?"

“Even so,” said the boy; and giving the cage a careless swing that tumbled the poor birds one over another, off he was setting, when Louisa called him back and asked him what he would have for his birds.

“I will sell them,” said he, “three for a penny, and there are eighteen of them.” Louisa struck the bargain and ran to beg the money of her papa, who not only cheerfully gave her the money, but allowed her an empty room for the reception of her little captives.

The boy having thus found so good a market for his birds, told all his companions of it; so that, in a few hours, Louisa’s yard was so filled with little bird-merchants that you would have supposed it to be a bird-market. However, the pretty maiden purchased all they brought, and had them turned into the same room with those of her former purchase.

When night came Louisa went to bed with more pleasure than she had felt for a long time. "What a pleasing reflection it is," said she to herself, "to be thus capable of preserving the lives of so many innocent birds, and save them from famine and merciless cats? When summer comes, and I go into the woods and groves, these pretty little birds will fly around me and sing their sweetest notes in gratitude for my kind attention to them."

These thoughts at last lulled her to sleep, but they accompanied her even in her dreams, for she fancied herself in one of the most delightful groves she had ever seen, where all the little birds were busied, either in feeding their young, or in singing or hopping from bough to bough.

The first thing Louisa did after she had got up in the morning, was to go

with her brother to feed her little family in the room, and afterward those that came into the yard. Though the seed to feed them cost her nothing, yet she recollected that the many purchases she had lately made of birds must have almost exhausted her purse; “and if the frost should continue,” said she to herself, “what will become of those poor birds that I shall not be able to purchase? Those naughty boys will either give them to their cats, or suffer them to die with hunger.”

While she was giving way to these sorrowful reflections, her hand was moving gently into her pocket in order to bring out her exhausted purse; but judge what must be her surprise and astonishment, when, instead of pulling out an empty purse, she found it brimful of money. She ran immediately to her papa to tell him of

this strange circumstance, when he snatched her up in his arms, tenderly embracing her, and shed tears of joy on her blooming cheeks.

“My dear child,” said her papa to her, “you cannot conceive how happy you now make me. Let these little birds continue to be the objects of your relief, and be assured your purse shall never be empty.” This pleasing news gladdened the heart of Louisa, and she ran immediately to fill her apron with seed, and then hastened to feed her feathered guests. The birds came fluttering round her, and seemed conscious of her bounty and generosity.

After feeding these happy prisoners she went down into the yard, and there distributed a plentiful meal to the starving wanderers without. What an important trust had she now taken on herself! nothing less

than the support of a hundred dependants within doors, and a still greater number without. No wonder that her dolls and other play-things should be now totally forgotten.

As Louisa was putting her hand into the seed-bag to take out of it the afternoon food for her birds, she found a paper which her papa had put there, on which was written these words: "The inhabitants of the air fly toward thee, O Lord! and thou givest them their food; thou openest thy hand and fillest all things living with plenteousness."

As she saw her papa behind her, she turned round and said, "Should not we imitate God?" "Yes, my sweet Louisa," said her father, "in every good action we should imitate our Maker. When you shall be grown to maturity you will then assist the necessitous part of the human race.

as you now do the birds; and the more good you do, the nearer you will approach the example of Christ."

Louisa continued her attention to feed her hungry birds for more than a week, when the snow began to melt and the fields by degrees recovered their former verdure. The birds who had lately been afraid to quit the warm shelter of the houses, now returned to the woods and the groves. The birds in our little Louisa's aviary were confined, and therefore could not get away; but they showed their inclination to depart, by flying against the windows and pecking the glass with their bills.

Louisa not being able to comprehend what could make them so uneasy, asked her papa if he could tell the cause of it. "I know not, my dear," said her papa; "but it is possible these little birds may have left

some companions in the fields which they wish to see, and as they now can procure their own living, do not wish to be troublesome to you any longer."

"You are very right, papa," replied Louisa, "and they shall have their liberty immediately." She accordingly opened the window, and all the birds soon flew out of it.

These little feathered animals had no sooner obtained their liberty than some were seen hopping about on the ground, others darting into the air; or sporting in the trees from twig to twig, and some flying about the windows, chirping as though out of gratitude to their benefactress. Louisa hardly ever went into the fields but she fancied that some of her little family seemed to welcome her approach, either by hopping before her, or entertaining her with their melo-

dious notes, which afforded her a source of inexhaustible pleasure.

Let children learn from this story to be tender and compassionate, even to the brute creation. God is called the Father of Mercies, and his tender mercies are over all his works. "He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry." If you are a child of God you will be like him in his mercy and goodness.

THE END.

ADVICE
TO
SABBATH-SCHOOL
CHILDREN.



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ADVICE TO CHILDREN.

My dear Children:—When our blessed Savior was upon earth, little children were brought to him, and he kindly took them in his arms, laid his hands upon them, and blessed them. You have read this pleasing account in the New Testament, and you have been taught that this kind Savior came down from heaven and was called Jesus, because he should save his people from their sins; you have also learned that everlasting punishment awaits the wicked after death.

Now consider that you are all sinners; and though you are young, unless you repent, and put your trust

in Jesus Christ, God will cast you off for ever, and then you must be miserable. But Jesus Christ loves little children who come to him; he was nailed to the cross, and died to save them; and he will bless them while they live, and when they die he will take their souls up to heaven to himself, where they will be happy with the blessed angels for ever.

You must take care to keep in mind these things, if you would behave like children who love their Savior and hope to go to heaven. Read, therefore, this affectionate admonition; consider it well, and pray to God for grace that you may profit by it.

1. *Be attentive to instruction.* When your teachers are explaining what you have been reading, listen, and try to understand them. When you are learning your lesson, keep your

eyes fixed upon your book, and take as much pains as you can, that you may repeat it quite perfectly.

2. *Be thankful to your religious teachers.* They seek your welfare; their hearts' desire and prayer to God for you is, that you may be saved; they would bring you to Jesus Christ, that you may be delivered from the wrath of God and endless misery, through his precious blood shed for you; that you may be saved from your sins by repentance and faith in him; that you may be taught to pray to God through him; and that by his grace you may learn and obey his holy commandments, forsake all sin, do his will all the days of your life, and when you die, may inherit the kingdom of heaven. How insensible must you be, if you do not profit by their instruction! How dreadful will your case be, if, in the

day of judgment, they should be obliged to bear witness against you, that they taught you, and labored to bring you to salvation, but you would not! On the contrary, how joyful will it be for both, if you are placed together at the right hand of our blessed Savior, and hear him say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

3. *Honor and obey your parents.* Remember, this is God's command. Consider this when you repeat the fifth commandment: grieve them not by impertinence and obstinacy; dare not to answer them with passion or disrespect; never speak evil of them, nor let others do so in your hearing; be always gentle, humble, and dutiful in your manner; never frown, or be perverse, or idle, when they require you to work, but show that you

are willing and industrious; be a comfort to them; attend on them in sickness; read your books to them, and tell them what your teachers say to you: and strive, as much as in you lies, to be the staff of their old age, like good Joseph in the Scriptures. So God and they will bless you; and you will be like our blessed Savior, who was subject to his parents in his childhood, and cared and provided for his mother even while he hung upon the cross.

4. *Love your brothers and sisters.* Be kind in your behavior to each other, and show your love by actions as well as words. Do all in your power to make them happy; let brothers especially behave with gentleness to their sisters; they are by nature more weak and defenceless, and therefore brothers should treat them with peculiar tenderness. If

your brothers or sisters displease you, do not speak angrily to them, but be patient, and forgive them, as you hope our blessed Savior will forgive you. If they rail at you, rail not again, but pray for them; let them see that you love them still, and they will be ashamed of themselves, or, even if they are not, our Savior will be pleased with you; for when he was reviled, he reviled not again. It is a sad thing when brothers and sisters quarrel and strike each other; but a good and pleasant thing when brethren dwell together in unity and love.

“Birds in their little nests agree,
“And 'tis a shameful sight,
“When children of one family
“Fall out, and chide, and fight.”

5. *Reverence the Lord's day.* It is appointed for the worship of God;

and all its hours should be employed in his service. On this holy day you must give up your amusements, and have as little as possible to do with worldly things; on this day you are taught to read the word of God, and to worship him in his house; there you are to join with the congregation in prayer and praise, and to hear the minister of God preach the Gospel, which is to make men wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. Let your behavior be very serious when you are thus engaged; listen to every word which the minister speaks; he is the messenger of Jehovah, and speaks as if Christ Jesus besought you by him to be reconciled to God. Pray to God that his word may prove a blessing to you, and try to understand all you hear; good children will not only endeavor to recollect the text and

part of the sermon, but will also repeat them to their parents and teachers. Those who are idle or careless in the house of God, act as if there was no fear of God before their eyes.

6. *Read daily in the Bible.* It is the word of God himself; it points out the way of salvation by our Savior Jesus Christ; if you love him you will delight in reading about him in the Bible. God's word is given for a light unto your feet, and a lamp unto your path; you know the use of a lamp in a dark night; such is the Bible, a light to guide us in this dark world. Ignorance and wickedness are the darkness of the world; Jesus is the light, and the Bible is to instruct you in the knowledge and love of him. Obey its commands, avoid what it forbids, follow its directions; and when you read it, pray to God to give you understanding and a heart

to receive its truths, that by his grace and blessing you may profit by them.

7. *Pray to God constantly.* What a mercy it is that

“ God will lend a gracious ear

“ To what a child can say !”

God is your heavenly Father who loves you; and though you cannot see him, he can both see and hear you; and he *will* hear you at all times. Confess all your sins to him, and think upon the love of our blessed Savior who died for your sins, and pray to God to forgive you for his name's sake. My dear children, he is very merciful; and if you are sorry for your sins, and afraid you shall be cast into hell for them, you must tell him your fears, hate your sins, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, that they may be pardoned; you must love and serve him, and he will be

gracious to you, and teach you so to believe on Christ, that your sins will certainly be all forgiven; and then, oh how must you love him! When you are tempted to be wicked, pray to him to give you a new heart and a right spirit; and do not give over praying for it till you find a better mind in yourselves; for he will give you the Holy Spirit, if you heartily ask for it. Praise him also for all his mercies to you, especially for raising up such good friends to teach you the way of salvation.

8. *Take a cheerful part in the praises of God.* You learn hymns in order to sing those praises. What beautiful hymns they are! I hope you will not merely please yourselves with the tunes, but study the meaning of the words, that your hearts may make melody to the Lord. How sweetly Moses and the chil-

dren of Israel sang upon the banks of the Red Sea when God had delivered them from the wicked Egyptians! Exodus, 15. How sweetly David sang to his harp and other instruments of music, as you read in the Book of Psalms. Our blessed Savior sang a hymn with his disciples before he suffered, Matt. 26 : 30, and Paul and Silas sang the praises of God when they were in prison, at midnight, and their feet were made fast in the stocks. Acts, 16 : 25. May you, dear children, sing his praises in the same blessed spirit, and it will be as sweet incense before his throne.

9. *Abhor swearing.* What! a little child swear! Awful thought! And yet there are some who do. Such wicked children are taking the broad road which leads to hell. And what will be *your* feelings if *you* are cast

into that dreadful place, after all the pains which have been taken to lead you to heaven? Your case will be far more dreadful than that of heathen children who are left to perish in ignorance and sin. Never take the sacred name of God in vain. Never use it but with fear and reverence, and when it is necessary to use it.

10. *Avoid bad company.* Remember the Bible says, "A companion of fools shall be destroyed." "Therefore come out from among them, and be separate, and I will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." Shun all improper places of amusement, particularly taverns and play-houses. Many people call them harmless, and their diversions innocent, but do not believe them; all sorts of wickedness and folly are practised there—gluttony, drunken-

ness, indecency, swearing, and sins of almost every kind; if you go to them you will soon become as bad as others who frequent them; do not mind the scorn of those who may despise you because you will not run to the same excess of riot as they. If they are your relations or your acquaintance, endeavor to persuade them to go to the house of God on the Lord's day, and on every other day to keep out of the path of temptation. If they will not be persuaded to do so, at least go not with them into any sinful course. They may endeavor to persuade you, but withstand their entreaties; call to mind the words of Solomon, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." They may entice, but they cannot compel you; and as evil communications corrupt good manners, so, if you join their company, you will be

in danger of following their wicked examples.

“And now I commend you unto God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to give you an inheritance among them that are sanctified.” We love you, we care for you, we pray for you. Oh, may God turn your hearts by the Holy Spirit to himself, that you may be his dear children; and may he bless this little book to you, and give you grace to read, to mark, to understand, and to practice its directions; may you walk in the path of duty while you live on earth, and at last join the assembly of his people before his throne in heaven, share in their happiness, and unite in their praises to all eternity.

THE END.

BREAD
THE
STAFF OF LIFE.



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BREAD THE STAFF OF LIFE.

There are a great many little boys and girls who eat bread every day, but do not know what it is made from, or how it is made. Perhaps they will like to read this little book, which will tell them about it. Bread is made from grain. It is called the Staff of Life, because we could better spare any other sort of food than we could

do without bread and other things made from grain.

When the Israelites were in the wilderness, though they had manna (which was very sweet and good) and quails every day, yet they complained very much because there was no bread. Numbers, 21 : 3.

PLOUGHING.

You know that grain grows out of the ground, but there is a good deal to be done, or it will not be productive. Farmers must first plough the ground, for it is hard, and the seed will not grow unless the plough loosens the earth, and makes furrows in it ready to receive the seed. Two persons one day were looking at a man who was ploughing. One of them said to the other, "This field reminds me of the state of my heart, for my heart was as hard as that

ground is before it is ploughed up; and I should never have received the good seed of the word of God, unless God had broken it up by the power of the Holy Spirit." This is very true of us all, and we should recollect that it is only God the Holy Spirit who can prepare our hearts to receive his words.



SOWING.

When the ground is ready, then

the sower comes. He walks over the field and throws the seed on each side, till he has sown the field all over. Then the earth is drawn into the furrows by a harrow, and the seed is covered. The word of God, that is, the preaching of Christ crucified, is compared to seed; it is sown in the heart when you hear it preached and believe it. When grain is sown, the birds come and try to pick it up; it is necessary to set some one to watch the field and drive them away: so when we are praying to God, if evil thoughts crowd into our minds and make us forget what we intended to say, we must pray that they may be driven away.

Christ compares himself to a sower, and he, by the power of the Holy Spirit, sows good seed in the hearts of men, causing them to bring forth the fruits of righteousness. Do you

recollect the parable of the Sower?

We may remember that whatever seed is sown, the produce will be the same. The Bible alludes to this when it tells us that "he that soweth iniquity shall reap vanity," and "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap."



GATHERING THE SHEAVES.

Time goes on; the autumn comes, and the grain is ripe. Then the reap-

ers cut it down and tie it up in bundles or sheaves. This is the happiest time of the year for the farmer; he has been many months anxiously watching his grain, and now he reaps the fruits of his toil. So will a true believer reap the fruits of his faith in the day when Christ comes; then he will be gathered by Christ into heaven, as the sheaves are gathered into the barn.

The laborers are paid higher wages during harvest time than usual, and they look forward to this season with pleasure. So the followers of Christ receive their best rewards at the last. Now it is seen whether any thing has hurt the grain while growing or not; if insects or any thing else have injured it, the effects are seen; nothing can be now done to make it better. Weeds often grow with the grain, and injure it a good deal; but

when the time of harvest comes they can do no more mischief. So in heaven the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. The harvest is often mentioned to remind us of the day of judgment. We are invited to come to the Savior, and are told now is the day of salvation, but when death overtakes us, then it is too late. Remember the promise, "Those that seek me early shall find me." Do you recollect the history of Ruth? I think she sought the Lord betimes.

SEPARATING THE WHEAT FROM THE CHAFF.

When the grain is reaped it is carried home. The sheaves are placed in stacks and covered over with thatch, or else stored in barns. When the farmer thinks it is a proper time to send his grain to market to be sold,

he has it thrashed out ; that is, a man beats it with an instrument called a flail, and separates the grain from the straw and chaff. The grain is then put into sacks. The chaff is very light, and easily blown away by the wind ; it is of little value compared to the grain. So our Savior compares wicked men to chaff, and those who love him are compared to wheat.

GRINDING THE GRAIN INTO FLOUR.

The grain must next be taken to the mill ; there it is put between two stones, one of which turns round, and the grain is soon ground to powder between them. It is then called flour. There are several sorts of flour ; some sorts are much finer and better than others, and the best white bread is made from the finest. The Israel-

ites were told to offer flour in their sacrifices to the Lord, and it was to be the best and finest flour. Let us remember that in serving God we should try to do his will in the best manner we are able. We all receive many mercies every day, but we are apt to forget them; and we are the most inclined to forget the greatest mercies, those which relate to our eternal happiness. May the Holy Spirit enable us to avoid this error!

MAKING BREAD.

The flour is now ready to be made into bread. For this purpose it is mixed with water and a little salt, and kneaded; it is then called dough. Yeast is next added, which makes it light and pleasant to eat. The oven is heated: when it is ready, the dough is cut into loaves, and they are put



into the oven and baked. An oven is made very hot indeed. The prophet Malachi, speaking of God's judgment on the wicked, says, "Behold, the day cometh that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, all that do wickedly, shall be stubble: and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of Hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch." Who can dwell with everlasting burnings? Oh, then, my dear chil-

dren, turn to the Savior; he is ready, he is willing to save, and he alone can save you from the wrath to come. Whenever you eat bread, think of the blessed Savior who is the true bread that came down from heaven to feed and nourish our souls. He said, "I am the bread which came down from heaven; whosoever shall eat of this bread shall live for ever." John, chapter 6.

CONCLUSION.

You have now read about grain, how it grows, and how it is made into bread. Perhaps you did not think how much trouble it was to make bread. Do you recollect why there is all this trouble? When Adam sin-

ned, God told him "in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread," meaning that he should not obtain bread to eat without much labor and toil. But it is also written that "man shall not live by bread alone." Bread can only nourish his body, it cannot feed his soul; for this, even for our salvation, Christ came down from heaven. He said, "I am the bread of life. He that cometh to me shall never hunger," meaning that all who feel the misery of sin, and the fear of God's wrath, and come to Christ, shall have pardon, peace, and love from God, and be made to love him, and enabled to do his will. This is true happiness. Will not you say, like the disciples, "Lord, evermore give us this bread?"

My dear children, if you really feel the evil of your own hearts, the misery of sin and evil ways, then pray to Jesus and he will hear you. He said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Pray that God, the Holy Spirit, may lead you to see your need of the Savior and his salvation. Also remember that as bread nourishes and strengthens the body, so the Savior, who called himself the bread that came down from heaven, strengthens the soul. He came from heaven and suffered the death of the cross, to wash us from our sins in his precious blood. It is Christ only that works in us by the power of the Holy Spirit, causing us to will and to do according to his good pleasure. Bread makes people

healthy, and strong, and able to bear fatigue. So Christ can strengthen us, and enable us to perform his will. We need bread every day. We need grace and strength from Christ every day, and all day long. The Lord's Prayer teaches us to ask, "Give us this day our daily bread," and thus we ought every day to seek for Christ, beseeching him to be ever present with us, and reminding him of his promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

THE END.



